

H.P.LOVECRAFT'S THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK

Adaptation and Art Works

by TANABE Gou

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ラヴクラフト傑作集

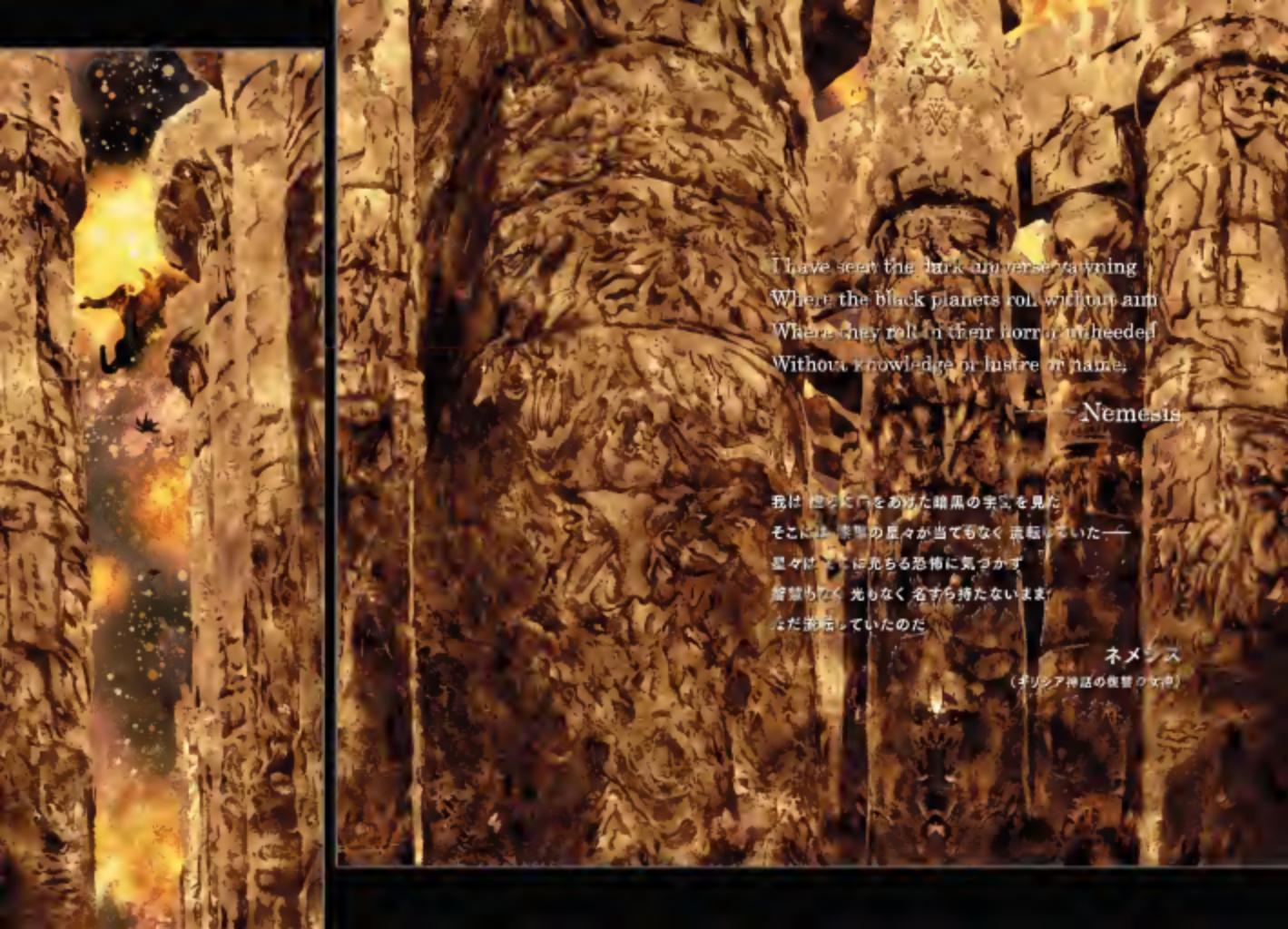


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THE HAUNTER
OF THE DARK

Adaptation and Art Works

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I have seen the dark universe yawning
Where the black planets roll, without aim
Where they roll in their horror unheeded
Without knowledge or justice or name,

Nemesis

私は 暗る宇宙をあがた暗黒の美宮を見た
そこには 恐怖の星々が当てもなく運転していた——
星々は そこに充ちる恐怖に気づかず
智慧もなく 光もなく 名すら持たないまま
まだ遊泳していたのだ

ネメシス

(ギリシア神話の復讐の女神)

ダゴン
DAGON



It was in one of the most open and least frequented parts of the broad Pacific that the pocket of which I was a passenger fell victim to a German submarine.



The great war was then at its very beginning, and the ocean forces of the Hun had not completely sunk to their later degradations, so we were treated with all the fairness and consideration due to stranded prisoners.

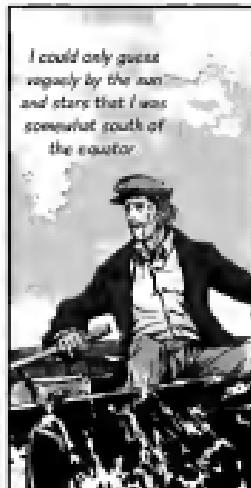
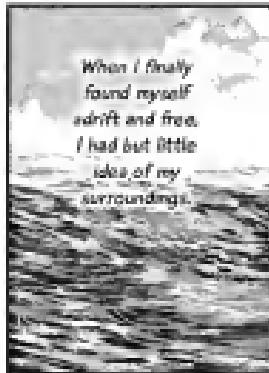


Soldiers
scattered, was the description of our captors, that five days after we were taken



I managed to escape alone in a small boat with water and provisions for a good length of time.

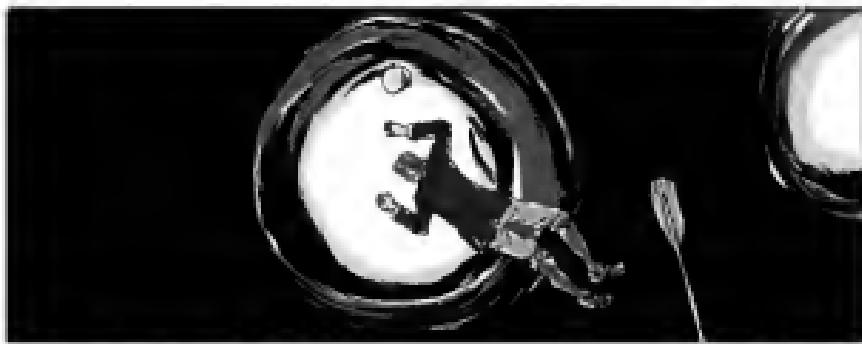
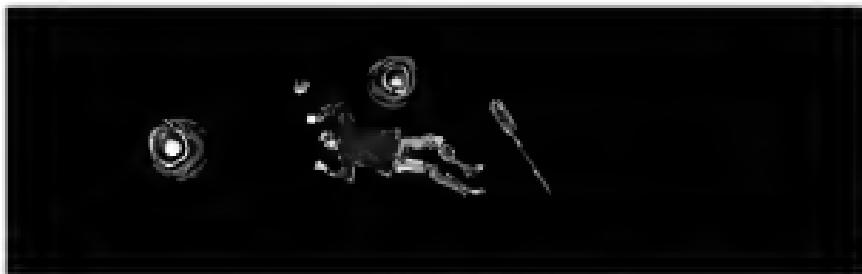


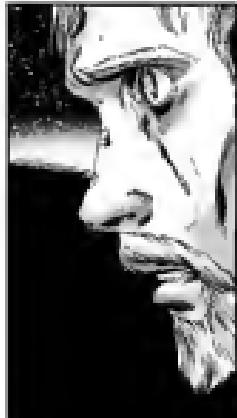


Then
the change
happened whilst
I slept.

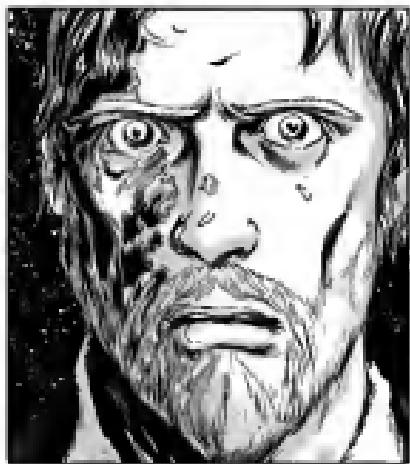
Days passed,
and I began
to despair
in my solitude
upon the heavy
weightlessness of
unbroken blue.

for my slumber
though
troubled and
dream-infested,
was continuous...
the details
I shall never
know...



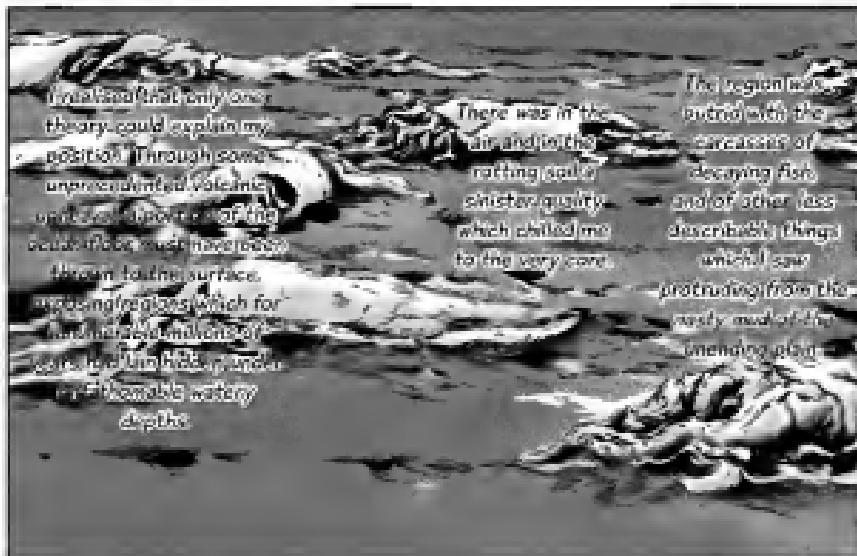






In which my boat
lay grounded some
distance from

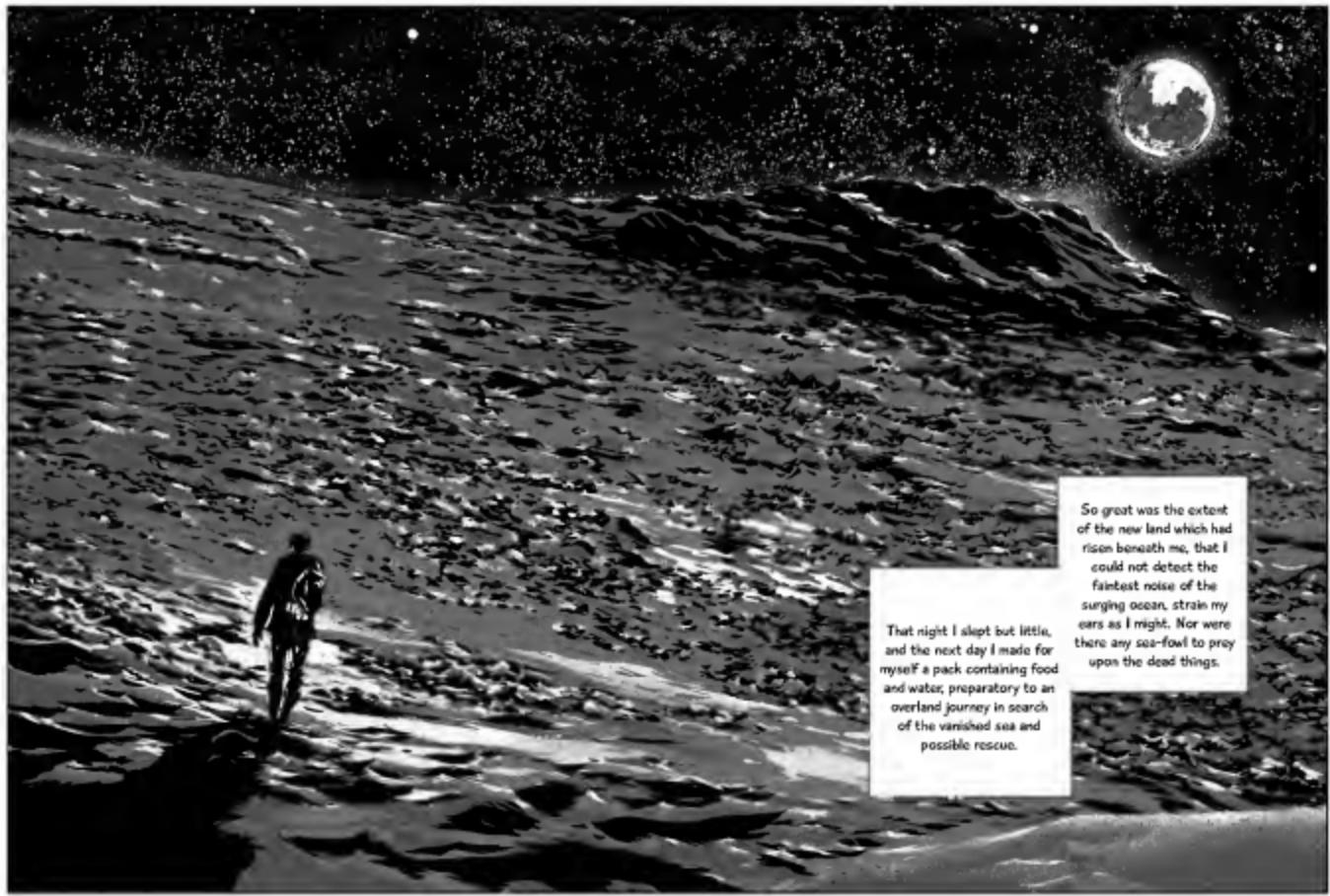
Whence I
knew it was to
discover myself half
sucked into a slimy
expanses of hellish
black mud.



I was glad that only one
theory could explain my
position. Through some
unprecedented volcanic
eruption above or of the
volcanoes, such have been
thrown foul the surface,
spouting forth those which for
a long time had been
seen with the eye, and
at such a wretched
depth.

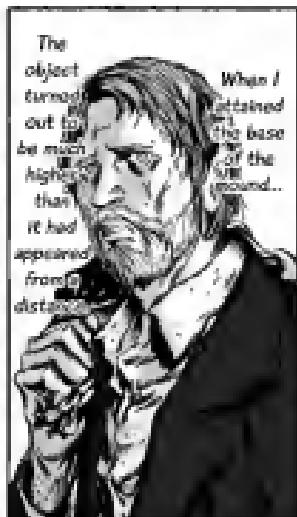
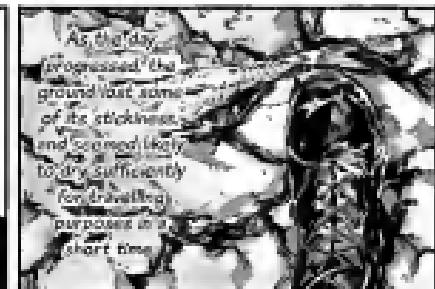
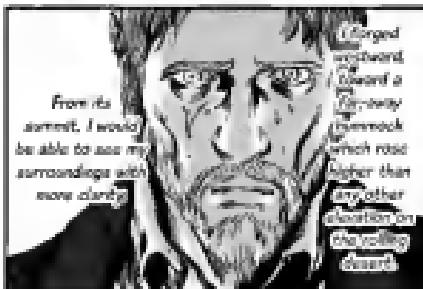
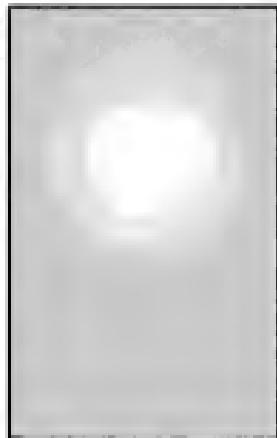
There was in the
air and both
rotting, soiled
chitter-quality
which chilled me
to the very core.

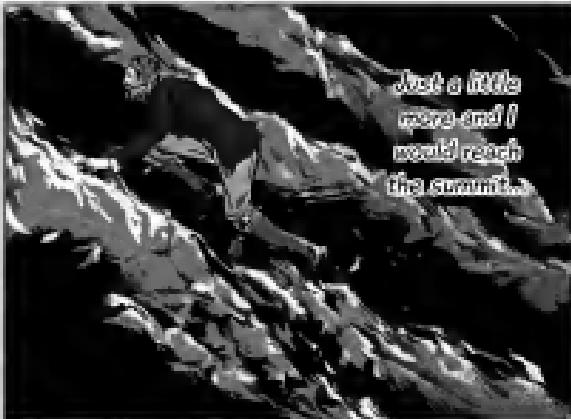
The jagged rocks
introduced the
scentance of
decaying fish
and of other less
describably things
which saw
protruding from the
nearly naked, the
unending plain.

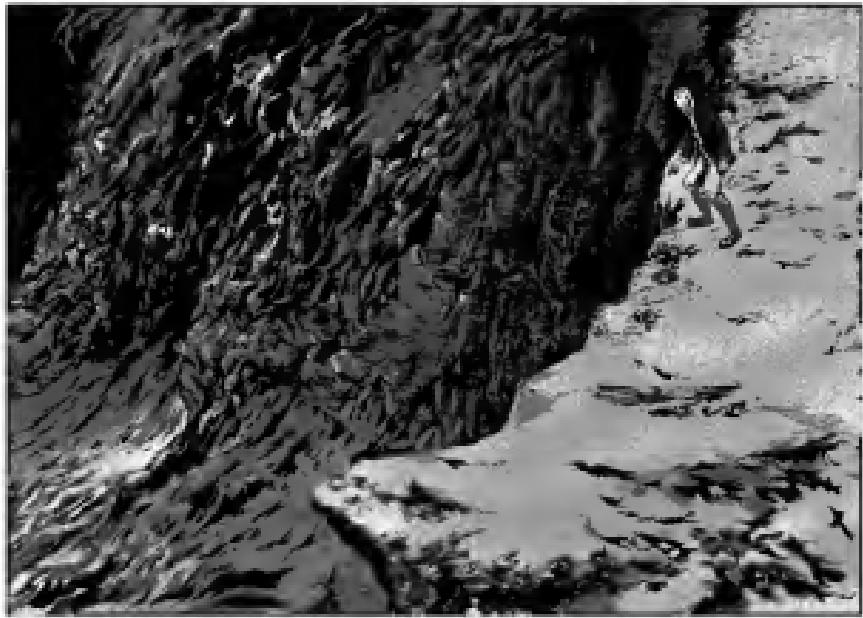


That night I slept but little, and the next day I made for myself a pack containing food and water, preparatory to an overland journey in search of the vanished sea and possible rescue.

So great was the extent of the new land which had risen beneath me, that I could not detect the faintest noise of the surging ocean, strain my ears as I might. Nor were there any sea-fowl to prey upon the dead things.



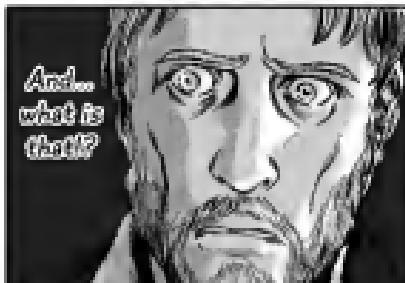
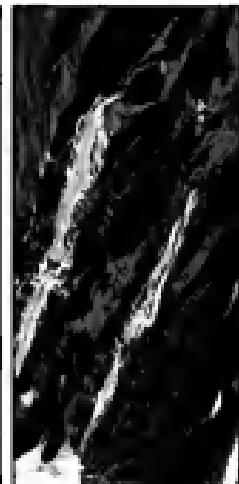


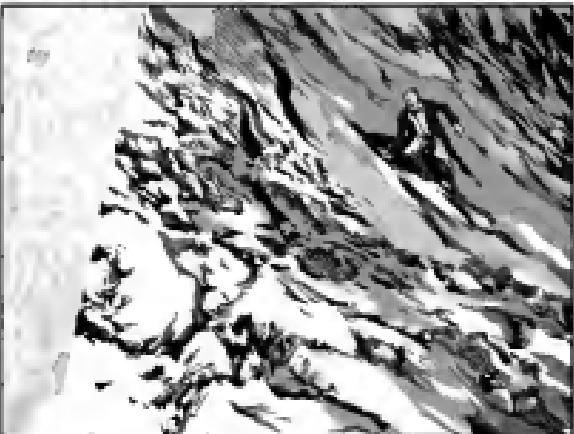


I looked down the
other side and an
unforgettable pat
of surprise...



Looked down to
the far
thing
body of
water
at the
bottom



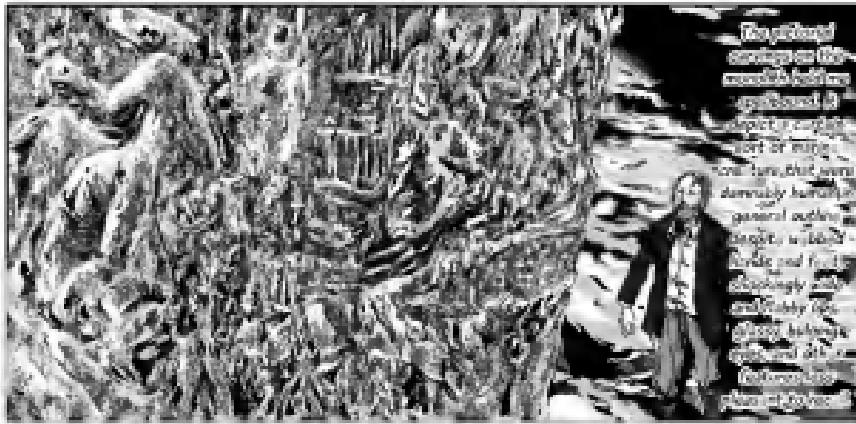






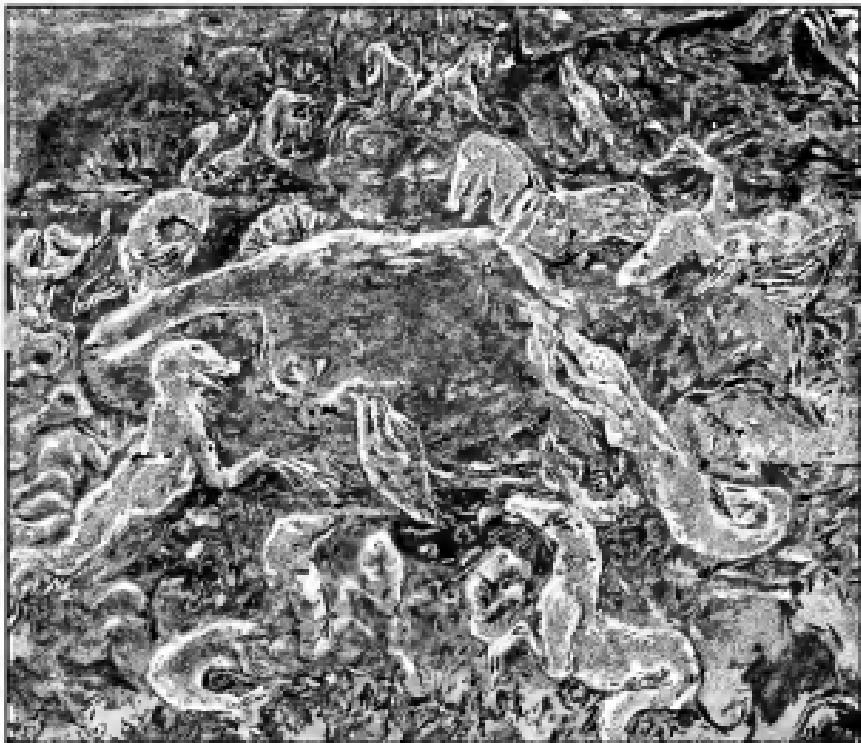
Never seen
such a thing
with the
bottom of
the ocean
floor being
stirred up
every
which way

On the
surface,
I could
see both
explosions
and smoke
columns.

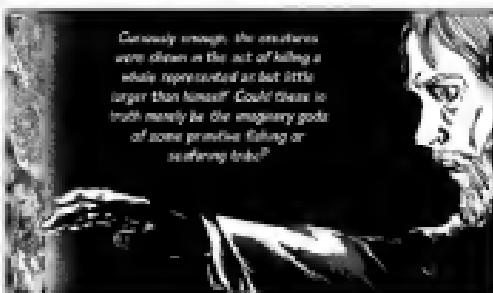


The plateau
survives as the
most solid feature
surrounded by
water and mud.
The water is
so turbulent that
it seems
dramatically
unstable. In
general, though,
it's quite
calm, with
gentle ripples
and the
occasionally
gentle
surges of
water hitting
the rocks.

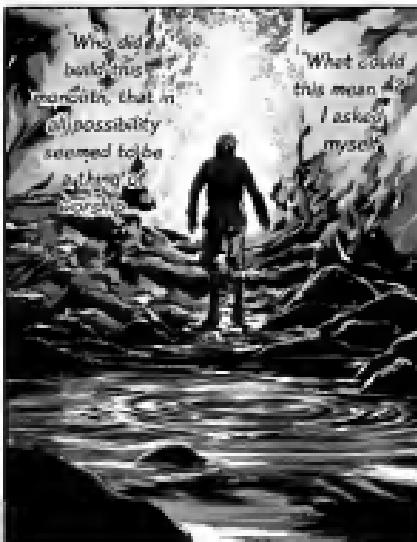
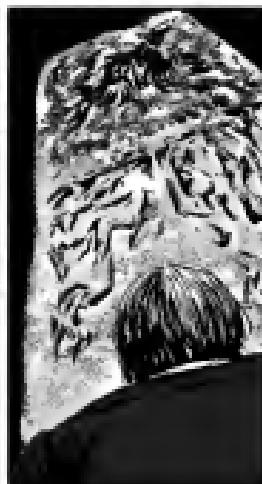


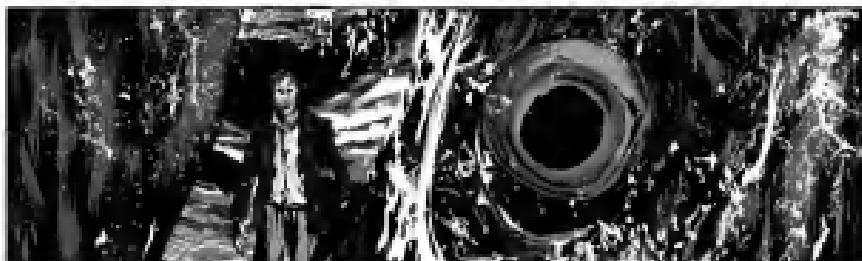


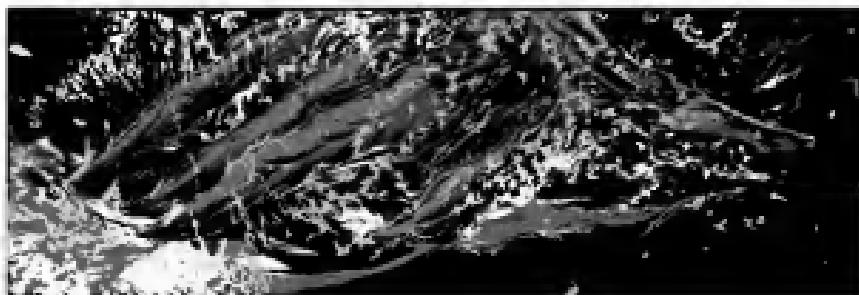
By the driving off
the creature hunting
a whale... it was clear
that this whale-like
creature had
intelligence...



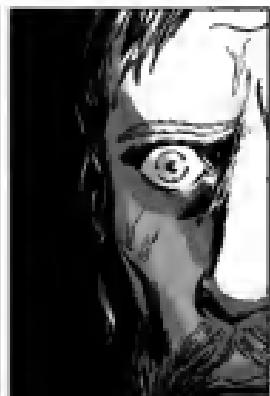
Curiously enough, the creatures
were often in the act of killing a
whale represented as not little
larger than himself! Could these in
truth merely be the imaginary gods
of some primitive fishing or
seafaring tribe?











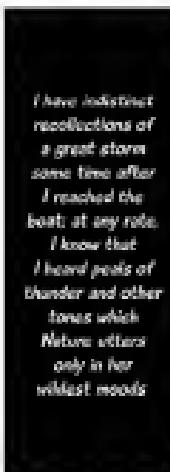




I think I went
mad then.



It darted like a stupendous
monster of nightmares to the
monolith, about which it drags
its gigantic scaly arms. The
while it bowed its hideously
head and gave vent to
certain measured groans.

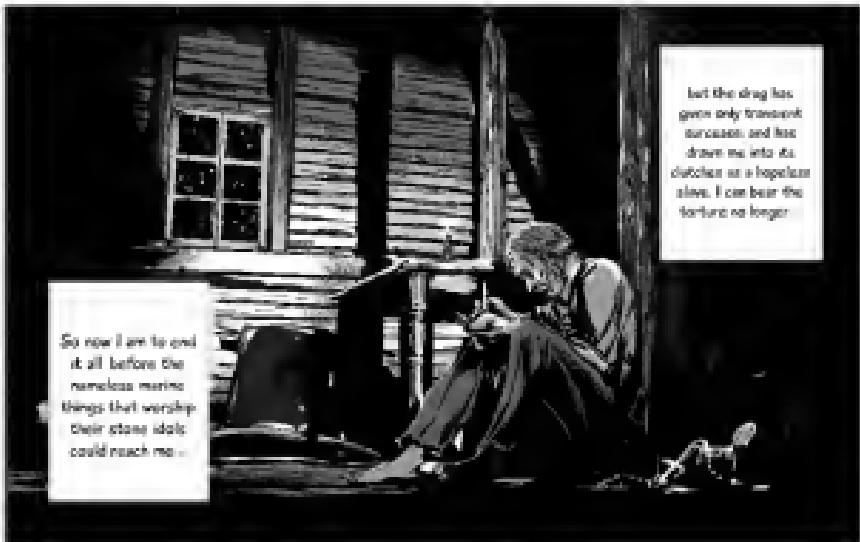








It is alright, I have been trying morphine to escape from the horrors which have haunted me...



So now I am too good at all before the nameless marine things that worship their stone idols could reach me...

but the drug has given only transient succassion and has drawn me into its clutch as a hopeless slave. I can bear the torture no longer

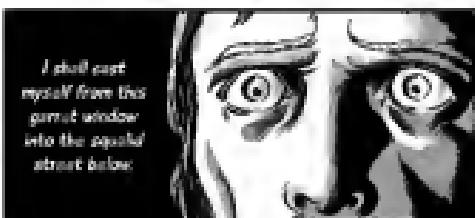


And all the
blame will
be mine...



When the
nameless things
may rise above
the hollow and
only open
mankind...

I fear at least
when the world
shall end and
the dark oceans
froth out in
accident death
and
perdition...



I shall cast
myself from the
great window
into the seaford
street below.



especially when the
ocean is
calm and
dark.

I could feel
them lurking
around me
always.

Every-
thing
will
end.

The end is near.
In a few moments
I shall be freed
from all this
suffering...

It shall not find
me; not until I
have obtained this
release of death,
myself...

I hear a noise at
the door; as if some
enormous slippery
body lumbering
against it.

THE
WINDOW!
THE
WINDOW!

GOD,
THAT
HAND!



H. P. LOVECRAFT'S
"DAGON"

Written in 1917

First published in 1919 in *The Vagrant*

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Punishment from the Depths

CYAN STEAM

Translation
Stan Miller

Cleaning and Redrawing
RRR-GI

Typesetting
COP

Proofreading
Inari and Prepure Kaede

After the original release of the first volume of the series, the author received many requests for a new edition. In response, the author decided to make some changes to the original story. This new edition includes a revised plot, updated character descriptions, and a more detailed explanation of the world-building. The author also added several new scenes and dialogue to flesh out the characters and their relationships. The overall tone of the story has been shifted towards a more somber and dramatic direction, reflecting the author's personal growth and evolution as a writer.